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South Carolina,

TO THE
HON. ALFRED HUGER,

A TYPE AND REPRESENTATIVE OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA
GENTLEMAN,

Whose honorable name stands pure and unsullied upon the records of his State, and whose life has been graciously spared by a benignant Providence, to a venerable age, as an illustrious example to the rising generation, the following lines are respectfully dedicated by

✓ THEIR AUTHOR.

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SOUTH CAROLINA.

My country. Oh! my country! bleeds my heart,
When I remember what thou wast, and art!
The time was once, when thy beloved name
Was coupled only with the purest fame.
Bright was the record of thy glorious past:
Why could it not be glorious to the last?
The time was once, when Honor, Virtue Truth,
Alike adorned the aged and the youth;
When Fraud and Falsehood dared not lift their face,
But skulk'd away in merited disgrace.
Then, men in wisdom and in letters skilled,
Thy highest places with distinction filled;
The loftiest as the lowest looked with awe!
Upon the sacred majesty of Law;
Injustice dared not on our rights to trench,
For virtuous Jurists sat upon the Bench.

Thy Legislative halls then knew no tribe
Of venal creatures ready for a bribe;
The people's confidence was meet reward
For those they chose their interests to guard,
Honor was more than a mere empty name,
The want of it was looked upon as *shame*!
He who would violate financial trust,
From good society was rudely thrust,
Cast out, dishonored, scorn'd, denounc'd, accurst;
Of lowest villains, he was deemed the worst:
For want of word to designate the fact,
The villain's name was given to the act.

The man who held in State the highest place,
Perform'd its functions with distinguished grace,
And though he boasted not the name of King;
Exemplified the idea of the thing.
Conscious of rectitude, he knew no fear,
But bore his office with a front so clear,
That he who pleased might read it as he ran,
"Nature here gives assurance of a MAN."

In those blest days, when Virtue held her rule,
The little children at the matron's school

Were trained to manners simple and sincere,
 By modest women in their proper sphere ;
 Not gross and noisy dames of shallow mind,
 Who scarce to their own sex can be confined,
 Ready to set up as the world's new lights,
 Brimful of arguments for women's rights ;
 But gentle and retiring, seeking naught
 But to direct aright the childish thought,
 Shedding sweet influences all around,
 And by th' affections of the children crowned.

Then, too, Religion, in her quiet way,
 Her useful lessons taught from day to day ;
 Thy sons were then contented to confide
 In God's own Word as their unerring guide ;
 Rev'rently own'd its saving truth and power,
 When skies were bright or darkest clouds would lower,
 Master and slave at the same altar stood,
 Confessed their sins, and pardon ask'd of God ;
 From the same hands received the broken bread,
 And own'd the Saviour as their common Head,
 Nor deem'd it needful they should equal be
 That both in Jesus might from sin be free.

They were not taught God's Laws to set aside,
 Because they suited not their lusts or pride ;
 Content with what they heard, and read, and saw,
 They never dreamed of any "*higher law.*"
 Religion *then* was no convenient trade,
 Nor had she an unholy cov'nant made
 With politics and gamblers of the State,
 Who would pervert her to the ends of hate.

Such was the glory of those happy days,
 Which filled thy children's hearts with love and praise,
 Such are the memories which cluster still
 Around thy name in these dark days of ill ;
 The theme of old men's converse with the young,
 Written in speeches and in ballads sung.
 Oh ! blessed mem'ries, which shall never fade !
 Bright spots of sunshine mid this dreary shade ;
 Sweet flowers, which Patriots gather from the Past,
 And bring upon thy sepulchre to cast !

For, while thy former glories are rehearsed,
 'Tis sad to think how things are now reversed !
 Many who loved thee dearer e'en than life,
 And sought to save thee in the bloody strife,
 Sleep their last sleep in honorable graves,
 Nor see thy soil profaned by vilest knaves ;
 They lived with honor, and with honor died,
 Leaving untarnish'd names, their country's pride.
 And is their sacred blood forever lost ?
 Is degradation what our peace has cost ?
 Shall greedy vampires on thy ruins stand,
 And drink the very blood from out the land ?
 Detested strangers from a distant clime,
 Whose names are but the synonym of crime.

Shall it in story and in song be told,
 That we, allured by sordid love of gold,
 Cast every noble, manly thought away,
 Absorb'd by this one question, "*Will it pay*" ?
 Shall we contented live, contented die,
 Vassals and slaves of hated tyranny ?
 Ah ! sure a better day shall yet arise,
 And bring our weary souls the long sought prize ;
 Eternal Right shall vindicate her claim,
 And Freedom break forth with resistless flame.

Though like the mourning Rachel, sore bereft,
All are not dead, thou hast some children left,
 Who never will forget thy wrongs and shame,
 And all the odium heap'd upon thy name ;
 These, whom thy tender bleeding bosom nurst
 With seven-fold vengeance on thy foes shall burst,
 The mighty help of Providence invoke,
 And cast away the tyrant's galling yoke ;
 Again this Southern land shall ransomed be,
 And echo with the songs of Liberty.
 "The lost cause," as they call it, yet shall win :—
 A new career of glory shall begin ;
 The last shall yet be first, the first be last,
 And new-born joy obliterate the past.

God speed the day : shout it again, again,
 And let a hopeful people say, Amen !